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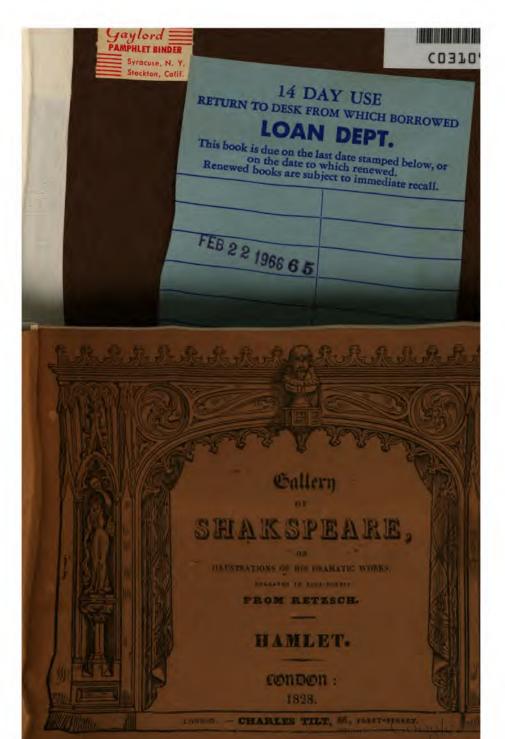
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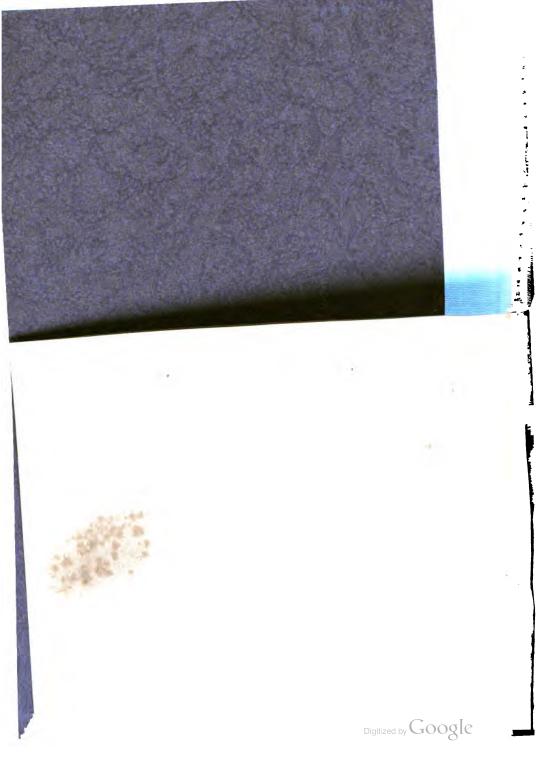
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SHAKSPEARE.

SERIES I. — HAMLET.



From each of the dramatic scenes of Shakspeare that inspired Retzsch with the subjects of his graphic illustrations, we have considered it would be highly useful to give extracts, for the purpose of explaining the artist's idea.

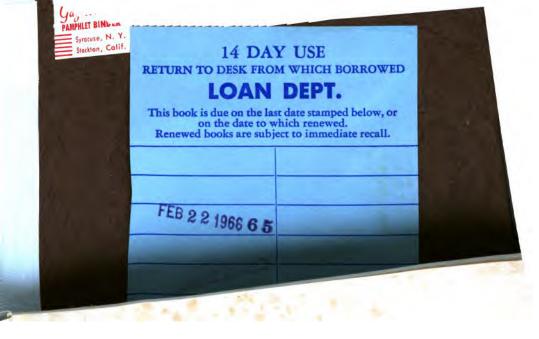
The publication of Hamlet will be followed by that of Macbeth, King Lear, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, and other works of the english Æschylus. Each series will contain the fillustrations of one of Shakspeare's plays, and may be had separately.

Retzsch, a german draughtsman, published some years since a collection of 26 drawings, representing the principal scenes in Goethe's drama of Faust.

These drawings, where spirit is blended with grace and expression, established his reputation throughout Europe; they have been copied in France and in England. From this artist, who engraved his own designs, we possess also a collection in which he has put in action Schiller's ballad of the Dragon, and another on Fridolin, which are nearly ready for publication.

PARIS. - PRINTED BY RIGNOUX, Nº 8, FRANC-CITIZENS STREET.









GALLERY

OF

SHARSPEARE,

OR.

Illustrations of his dramatic works,

ENGRAVED IN AQUA-FORTIS

FROM RETSZCH,

WITH SCENES SELECTED FROM SHAKSPEARE

AND EXPLANATIONS

By J. D. Lake.

HAMLET.

condon:

1828.



LOAN STACK





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APOTHEOSE.



SERIES I.

HAMLET.

PL. I.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Were a monument to be raised to the most celebrated of English poets, like that which antiquity has already erected to Homer in Scio and Smyrna, the inspired pencil of Retzsch should indicate the plan, and the apotheosis which precedes his allegorical work should figure as its pediment.

The eagle with extended wings, the two divinities which accompany it and may be said to personify the Thames and the Avon, rivers of England, similar to the Meander and Ilissus; the contemplative attitude of the poet and the genii near him, call to mind that beautiful composition which ornaments a precious curiosity, in the cabinet of antiquities, belonging to the king of Naples, and formerly perhaps among the bas-reliefs of a celebrated temple.

The eagle, with which the german artist has designed the symbol of the apotheosis, supports the throne and the feet of the poet; its eyes are turned towards him with affection, and express how light the burthen is that it supports, how much it

rejoices in bearing him above the clouds, and in transporting him towards those regions of glory, where in a circle already are assembled, half visible, those sublime bards Homer, AEschylus, Ossian, etc.

The book open on the knees of the poet contains the celestial fruits of his sacred inspiration. Two noble and benignant muses, in the air and on either side of him, sustain above his head the crown of immortality; one of them surrounded with floating draperies, represents the melancholy Melpomene. The tragic mask that covers half her forehead, renders the expression of her downcast eyes more. grave and solemn; she bears the sword with which in Hamlet she plays so terrible a part. The other, light and gay, has thrown back her comic mask; the pastoral crook announces the laughing Thalia, and characterises her rustic origin. In fine, the two genii, emblematic perhaps of fame, in being attached to the supporters of his throne, complete the symbolic group.

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INTRODUCTION.

It would have been a glorious triumph for the artist | if the 17 designs composing this collection could have been given without explanations, and if in each of them the feeling, which is extended through the whole of the subject, could have been readily discovered; but this difficulty is too great entirely to overcome. However the affixed plate must perhaps be considered as an expressive and ingenious introduction to the forth-coming, since the fratricide and the manner in which the murder was perpetrated form its subject.

It is worthy of remark that when Retzsch conceived the first outline of this sketch, he had not seen the picturesque work that Thurston had consecrated to the genius of Shakspeare, and which had been engraved on wood by the accomplished Thompson; and yet the two artists were inspired by the same subject, but with this difference, that Thurston has given it in a manner purely symbolical, and Retzsch in his illustration has put all the allegory into the accessories.

The secret murder appears before our eyes as

profiting of his brother's sleep, pours into his ea the poisonous juice of hen-bane, which, according to the received belief in those times of ignorance, wa mortal, and he places at the same time his daring hand upon the royal crown. The scene is not taking place in an orchard, according to the poet, bu under the portico of a gothic building, through the opening of which the trees of the garden may be perceived. This slight variation from the text has allowed the artist to surround his group with emblematic objects which heighten the general effect For instance, the form and decoration of the seat on which the monarch overcome by sleep has placed his crown, is not without a meaning : in giving it the feet of a lion for its support and the head of an angel as an ornament, the artist had in view the idea of representing, strength and mildness, virtues upon which the power and the might of all kingdoms are sustained. The entrance of the gothic arch presents us with a singular object, it is the face of an old man, whose beard and long hairs fall negligently upon his breast. The sunken the ghost relates it to Hamlet, Claudius, perfidiously eyes of his austere face are fixed upon the action



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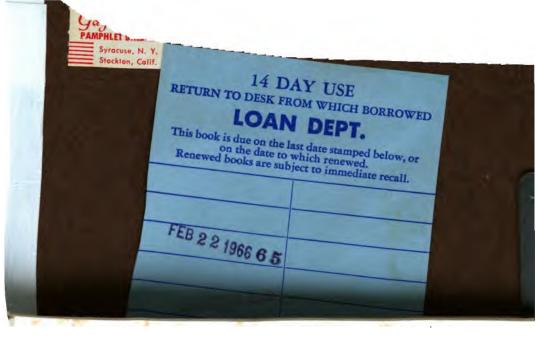
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which the murderer is committing, implying, according to the idea of the artist, that walls, as the ancient proverb says, have eyes as well as ears, and, therefore, that the most secret crime can never ultimately escape punishment. The imposing statue of the inflexible Nemesis, placed in a niche behind, confirms the truth of this idea, whilst her attributes — the sword lifted over the murderer, the

pair of scales which weigh the actions of the dead, and the penetrating eye of justice which adorns the bosom of the goddess are conclusive; the serpent that she treads under her feet, calls to mind the words of the glost:

- « The serpent that did sting thy father's life;
- « Now wears his crown. »

HAMLET.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

Hamlet, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.

POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.
Horatio, Friend to Hamlet.
Laertes, Son to Polonius.

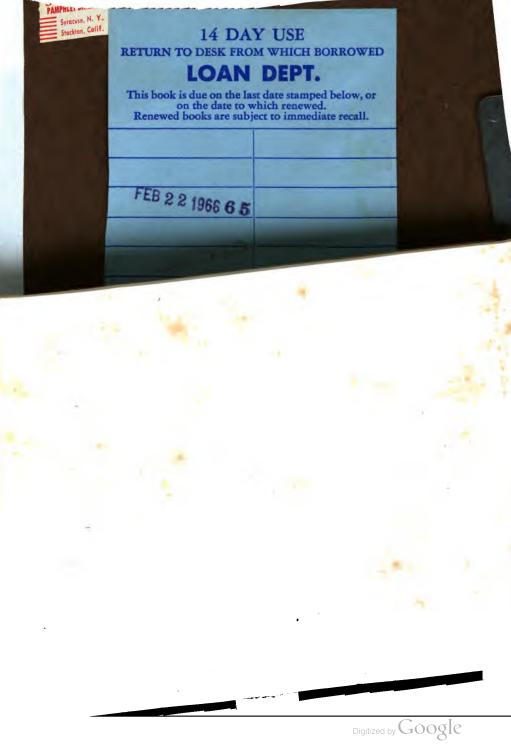
VOLITIMAND,
CORNELIUS,
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN,
OSRIC, a Courtier.
Another Courtier.
A Priest.
Marcellus,
Bernardo,

Officers.

Francisco, a Soldier.
Reynaldo, Servant to Polonius.
A Captain.
An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
Fortineras, Prince of Norway.
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and Mother Hamlet.
Ophelia, Daughter of Polonius.

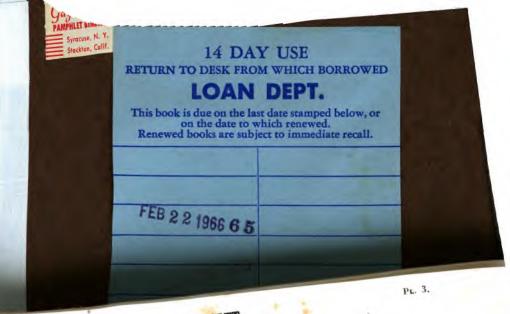
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other A tendants.

Scene, Elsinore.



HAMLET
Act. I. Scene 4.

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HAMLET.

ERIES I.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

I HORATIO. It beckens you to go away with it, is if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

MARCELLUS. Look, with what courteous action

It waves you to a more removed ground:

It waves you to a more removed ground:

It will not speak; then I will follow it.

HORATIO. Do not, my lord.

It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.

HORATIO. What, if it tempt you toward the flood,
my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
I'nat beetles o'er his base into the sea?
I'nd there assume some other horrible form,
I'nd there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,

And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
HAMLET.
Go on, I'll follow thee.
MARCELLUS. You shall not go, my lord.
HAMLET.
HORATIO. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

HAMLET.

And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.

Still am I call'd; — unhand me gentlemen;

(Breaking from them.)

Still am I call a; (Breaking from inem.)

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
I say, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee.

(Exeunt Chost and Hamlet.)

ACT I. SCENE 5.

GHOST (beneath). Swear.

Hamlet. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—

Consent to swear.

HORATIO. Propose the oath, my lord.
HAMLET. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

GHOST (beneath). Swear.

HAMLET. Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground: -

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword: Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

GHOST (beneath). Swear by his sword.

HAMLET. Well said, old mole! can'st work i'the

earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer! — Once more remove, good friends.

HORATIO. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

HAMLET. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you nevey!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antick disposition on

To put an abuse times seeing me, never shall, With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake, Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, As, Well, well, we know; or, We could, and if we would; or, If we list to speak; or, There be, an if they might;

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: — This do you swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
GHOST (beneath). Swear.

HAMLET. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So gent-

May do, to express his love and friending to you.

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is.

May do, to express his love and friending to you.

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint; — O carsed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together.

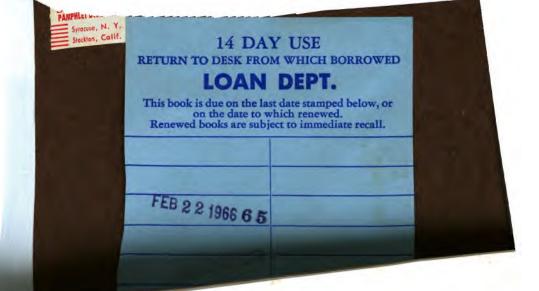
(F.....

(Exeunt.)



Act. I. Scene b.









HAMLET.

Act. III. Scene 1.

SERIES 1.

HAMLET.

Pt. 5. ,

ACT III. SCENE I.

POLONIUS. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please you.

We will best an armeless Restaurable to the second sec

We will bestow ourselves; — Read on this book;

(To Ophelia.)

That show of such an exercise may colour

Your loneliness. — We are oft to blame in this,—

Tour ioneliness. — We are oft to blame in this, — 'Fis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage, And pious action, we do sugar o'er The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart A lash that speech doth give my conscience! The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art, Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it, Than is my deed to my most painted word: O heavy burden!

(Aside.)

POLONIUS. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

(Exeunt King and Polonius.)

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. To be, or not to be, that is the question:-Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune; Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep, No more ; - and, by a sleep, to say we end The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to, - 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, Must give us pause: There's the respect, That makes calamity of so long life: For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay, The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes, When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life; But that the dread of something after death, The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn No traveller returns, - puzzles the will; And makes us rather bear those ills we have. Than fly to others that we know not of?



SERIES I.

HAMLET.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

KING. What do you call the play?

HAMLET. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder, done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife Baptista : you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches ut not : Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.-

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

OPHELIA. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

HAMLET. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

OPHELIA. You are keen, my lord, you are keen. HAMLET. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

OPHELIA. Still better, and worse.

Hamlet. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer; - leave thy damnable faces, and begin, Come; -

- The croaking raven oth bellow for revenge.

Lucianus. Thoughts black, hands aut, drugs. and time agreeing; Confederate season, else no creature seeing; Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected, With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property, On wholesome life usurp immediately.

(Pours the poison into the Sleeper's ears.)

HAMLET. He poisons him i'the garden for hi estate.

His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ ten in very choice Italian : You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPHELIA. The king rises.

HAMLET. What! frighted with false fire!

QUEEN. How fares my lord?

Polonius. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: - away!

Polonius. Lights, lights, lights!

(Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.)





Act. III. Scene 2.

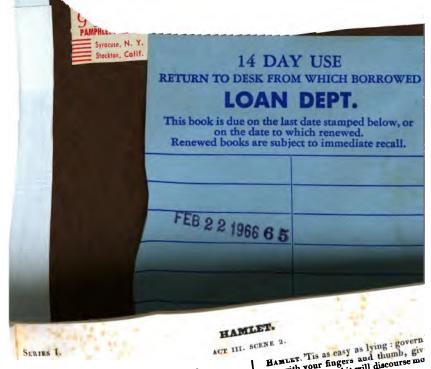




Serie I.

HAMLET:
Act. III. Scene 2.

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Enter the Players, with Recorders.

HAMLET. O, the recorders : - let me see one. To withdraw with you: — Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me

Guildenstern. O, my lord, if my duty be too into a toil? bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAMLET. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN. My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET. I pray you!

GUILDENSTERN. Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET. I do beseech you!

GUILDENSTERN. I know no touch of it, my lord.

tages with your fingers and thumb, giv with your mouth, and it will discourse mo music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN. But these cannot I c any utterance of harmony; I have not t

HAMLET. Why, look you now, how thing you make of me. You would pla you would seem to know my stops; you out the heart of my mystery; you wou from my lowest note to the top of my there is much music, excellent voice organ, yet cannot you make it speal you think, I am easier to be played of Call me what instrument you will, t fret me, you cannot play upon me

ACT III. SCENE 3.

Enter HAMLET.

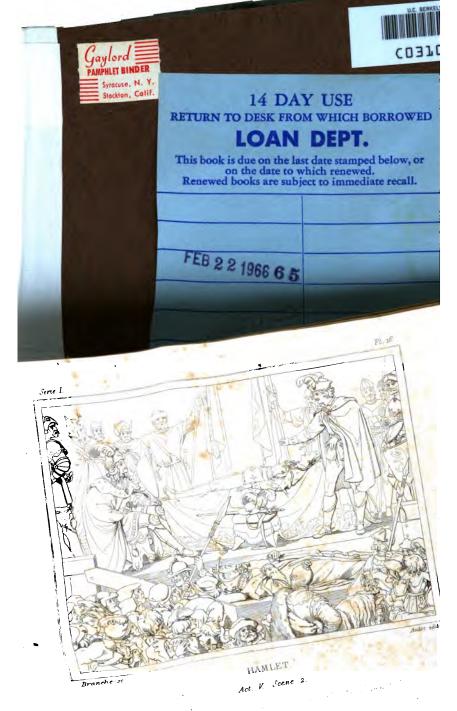
HAMLET. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;

And now I'll do't; — and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng d? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, no revenge. He took my father grossly, full of bread; With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May; And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven? But, in our circumstance and course of thought, 'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd, To take him in the purging of his soul, When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.

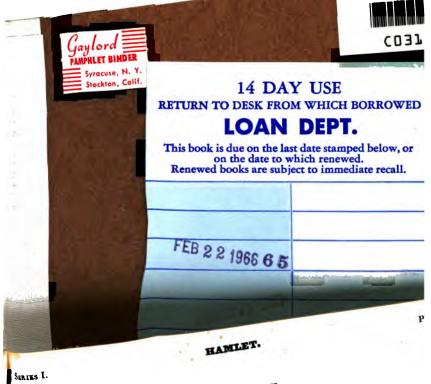
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some aet
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven:
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

(Exit.)





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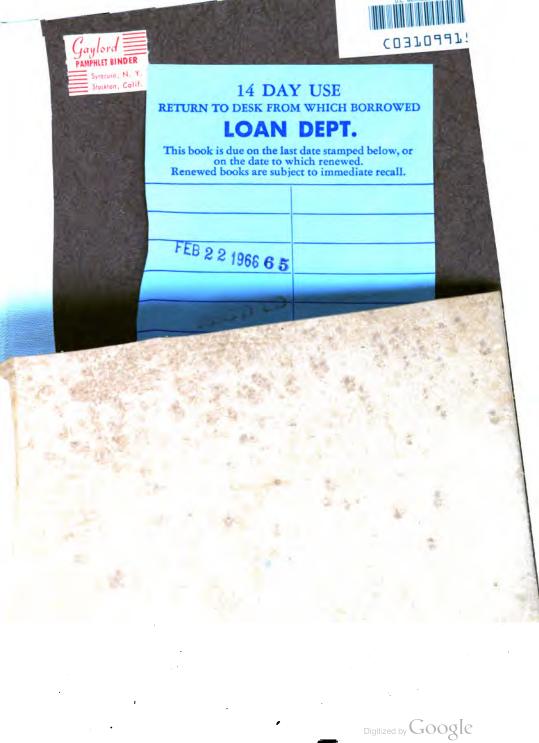
EPILOGUE.

represents the expiatory victims of a dark destiny

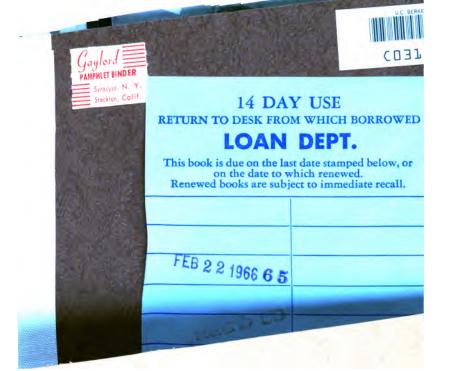
On the sepulchre reposes the statue of Hamlet; above him the head of the ghost is perceived. His mouth and eyes are open, not only to explain the active part he has in the tragedy, but also that he is the main-spring. On the left are kneeling the figures of the king and queen. A kind of demon lifts his claws in a menacing manner towards the guilty pair, but inclining more especially, in grinding his teeth, toward, the head of the kingly fratricide; who, even from the sleep of death, starts up with all the signs of agony and terror; while the queen, arright, elevates her hands in the attitude of prayer in order to this impression. Their nowing value of the attitude of prayer in a cross, the emblem of peace and and repentance. On the opposite side, kneeling and whose features equally express grief and a sort of affright, elevates her hands in the attitude of prayer

This drawing exhibits a sort of summary of the asleep, appear Polonius and Ophelia, over the large transfer in a sort of summary is a same arrands its protecting hand. The interest is a sort of a funereal manument is a same arrands its protecting hand. The interest is a sort of a funereal manument is a same arrands its protecting hand. The interest is a sort of a funereal manument is a same arrands its protecting hand. This drawing exhibits a sort of summary of the piece. Under the form of a funereal monument, it piece. Under the form of a funereal monument, it receives the exhibitory victims of a dark destiny to the form the lower nart of the tom cing with a poisoned weapon. The natural death is designed by two swords crossing The arabesques on which this symbol rep nate by the spirits of genii. The bats'-win angles of the monument, indicate that deed was done during the night. The s to the scene of the grave-digger, at there perhaps to increase the gloomy pervades the whole play, even those monumentally seem to exclaim: O, hor horrible!... are doubtless meant to gi force to this impression. Their flowing









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